

The Round-Up

A Romance of Arizona

Novelized From Edmund
Day's Melodrama

By JOHN MURRAY and
MILLS MILLER

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Dick turned and walked slowly toward the gate which led to the kitchen garden, a part of every ranch home in Arizona. It was cut off from the house by a straggling hedge, on which Echo had spent many hours trying to keep it in shape.

Jack hesitated about going into the house. Even if Echo married him he knew that she would never forgive him when she learned of his dastardly conduct from Dick Lane's own mouth. It was better to sacrifice the life of one to save three lives from being ruined.

Jack followed Lane up, partly drawing his gun. It would be so easy to shoot him. No one would recognize Dick Lane in that crippled figure. Jack's friends would believe him if he told them the stranger had drawn on him and he had to shoot him in self defense.

Then the thought of how dastardly was the act of shooting a man in the back, and he his trusting friend, smote



Neither had noticed Buck McKee

him suddenly, and he replaced the pistol in its holster. "It is worse than the murder of 'Old Man' Terrill," he muttered.

Dick walked on, entirely unconscious of how close he had been to death, with his friend as his murderer.

So interested had the two men been in their conversation that neither had noticed Buck McKee hiding behind the hedge, listening to their talk and covering Jack Payson when he was following Dick with his hand on his revolver. McKee heard Payson's ejaculation and smiled grimly.

Jack's absence had aroused Jim Allen, who hurried out on the porch, storming. "Say, Jack, what do you mean by putting the brakes on this here wedding?"

"Jim—say, Jim, I—I want you to do something for me," cried Jack as he rushed toward his future father-in-law, greatly excited.

"Sure," answered Allen heartily.

"Stand here at this door during the ceremony and, no matter what happens, don't let any one in."

"But"—interrupted Allen.

"Don't ask me to explain," blurted Jack. "Echo's happiness is at stake."

"That settles it. I've not let any one spill her happiness yet, and I won't in the few minutes that are left while I'm still her main protector. Nobody gets in."

"Remember, no one, no matter who it is," emphasized Jack as he darted into the house.

Jim Allen lit his pipe. "Now, what's eatin' him?" he muttered to himself; then, "They're off!" he cried, looking through the window.

The Rev. Samuel Price began to drone the marriage service.

It is the little things of life that count, after all. Men will work themselves into hysteria over the buzzing of a fly and yet plan a battleship in a bell shop. A city full of people will at one time become panic-stricken over the burning of a rubbish heap and at another camp out in the ruins of fire-swept homes, treating their miseries as a huge joke.

Philosophers write learnedly of cause and effect. In chemistry certain combinations give certain results. But no man can say, "I will do thus and so; this and that will follow." All things are possible, for few things are probable.

Dick Lane had planned to shield Echo by writing to Jack Payson, letting him break the news of his return. Fate would have it that she would not know until too late of his escape. A letter sent directly to her might have prevented much unhappiness and many heartaches. Not till months later, when happiness had returned, did Jack realize that his one great mistake was made by not telling Echo of Dick's rescue.

Both Dick and Echo might have had a change of heart when they met

again. Echo was young. Dick had wandered far. Both had lost touch with common interests. Jack Payson had entered her life as a factor. He was eager and impetuous. Dick was settled and world worn by hardship and much physical suffering. Now Jack was at the altar racked with mental torture, while Dick waited in the garden for his traitorous friend. The innocent cause of the tragedy was sweetly and calmly replying to the questions of the marriage ritual, while Jack was looking, as Allen said to himself, "darned squeamish."

"According to these wails, it is the will of God that nothing shall sever the marriage bond," were the words that fell upon Allen's ears as he stooped to look in the window at the wedding party.

"The sky pilot's takin' a long time to make the hitch. Darned if couldn't hitch up a twenty mule team in the time that he's takin' to get them two to the pole," said Allen, speaking to himself.

Dick had grown impatient at Jack's absence and wandered back from the garden to the front of the house. Spying Allen, he greeted him with, "Hello, Uncle Jim."

"That's my name," answered Allen suspiciously, "but I ain't uncle to every stranger that comes along."

"I'm no stranger," laughed Dick.

"You know me."

"Do I?" replied Allen unconvinced.

"Who are you?"

"The poor orphan you took from an asylum and made a man of—Dick Lane."

"Dick Lane!" repeated the astonished ranchman, "Come back from the dead!"

"No; I'm not dead yet," answered Dick, holding out his hand, which Allen gingerly grasped as if he expected to find it thin air. "I wasn't killed. I have been in the hospital for a long time. I wrote Jack. He knows."

"My God!" Allen cried. "Jack knows—you wrote to him—he knows!"

Over and over he repeated the astonishing news which had been broken to him so suddenly. Here was a man, as if back from the dead, standing in his own dooryard, telling him that Jack knew he was alive. No word had been told him. What would Echo say? This, then, explained Jack's strange request and his distress.

"And Echo?" Dick questioned, glancing toward the house.

"Echo!" The name aroused Allen. He saw at once that he must act definitely and quickly. Echo must not see Dick now. It was too late. The secret of his return on the wedding day must be known only to the three men.

"Look here, Dick," he commanded. "You mustn't let her see you. She mustn't know you are alive."

Dick was growing confused over the mystery which was being thrown about Echo Allen. First Jack had told him he must wait to see her, and now her father tells him he must never see her again or let her know that he is alive. His strength was being overtaxed by all this evasion and delay.

"Dick," said Allen, with deep sympathy, laying his hand upon the man's shoulder, "she's my daughter, and I want her life to be happy. Can't you see? Don't you understand? She thinks you're dead."

"What are you saying?" cried Dick, trying to fathom the riddle.

"You've come back too late, Dick," sadly explained Allen.

"Too late!" echoed Dick. "There's something back of all this. I'll see her now."

He started to enter the door, but Allen restrained him. "You can't go in!" he shouted to the excited man and pushed him down the steps. It was an easy task for him, for Dick was too weak to offer much resistance. "No, you won't," he gently told him. His heart bled for the poor fellow, whom he loved almost as a son, but Echo's happiness was at stake, and explanations could come later. More to emphasize his earnestness than to indicate intention to shoot, he laid his hand on the butt of his revolver, saying, "Not if I have to kill you."

Dick began to realize that whatever was wrong was of the greatest consequence. It was a shock to him to have his oldest, his best friend in the west treat him in this fashion.

"Jim!" he cried in his anguish.

"You've got to go back where you come from, Dick," sternly answered the ranchman. "If ever you loved my daughter, now's your chance to prove it. She must never know you're living."

"But—"

"It's a whole lot I'm askin' of you, Dick," continued Allen. "But if you love her, as I think you do, it may be a drop of comfort in your heart to know that by doin' this great thing for her you'll be makin' her life better and happier."

"I do love her," cried Dick passionately, "but there must be some reason. Tell me."

Allen held up his hand to warn Dick to be silent. He beckoned him to follow him. Slowly he led him to the door and, partly opening it, motioned him to listen.

"Forasmuch as John Payson and Echo Allen have consented together in holy wedlock," were the words that fell upon his ears.

(To be Continued.)

To Protect the Food.

It is not foreign meat alone that requires to be looked to. Our own home supplies call for more rigorous inspection, and to this end we must have public slaughter houses, where all meat can be inspected, and possibly a central clearing house, where the inspection would be a reality and not merely a name.—Sanitary Record.

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SKEE RACERS TO MEET

National Tournament to Be Held
In Ishpeming Feb. 22.

GREAT INTEREST IN SPORT.

Famous Pastime of the Norseman
Rapidly Forging to Front of Winter
Athletics In This Country—New
Jumping Records Expected.

As has been the case in several seasons, the national sledge jumping tournament in Ishpeming, Mich., has been set for Feb. 22. This event in the home of the great old world winter sport in America is always looked forward to by the followers of the daring jumpers, who gather in large crowds to witness the wonderful flights of the sturdy competitors on their wooden runners.

This fascinating winter pastime is extremely popular in Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin, and it is expected that skiers from all three states and the Dominion of Canada will be on



SKEE JUMPER IN FLIGHT AFTER LEAVING TAKE-OFF.

hand Washington's birthday to set new figures for the long leap that is the magnet that attracts the admirers of this reckless form of sport.

Great preparations are being made to perfect the long Ishpeming slide so that the daring knights of the spruce blades will have every opportunity to either equal or excel the record figures of 138 feet, made by Lief Berg of Norway on a Switzerland course two years ago. The long incline, which measures 800 feet in length, will be added to still more, and it is proposed to move the take-off thirty feet back.

These improvements will give the men an opportunity to get up greater momentum, and the moving of the take-off will afford them a much safer landing place. A feature of the Ishpeming slide that is enjoyed by no other in this country is that the path is sixteen feet wide at the "bump," or take-off, thus enabling the men to take the jump in their own peculiar manner and not to have to follow the beaten track of their predecessors, as is the case at all other frozen pathways.

One hundred and twenty-two feet was done at this course at the last meet of the skiers, and it is expected that with the improved conditions several feet will be added to this mark when the lovers of the sport gather for what promises to be one of the banner events of its kind of the season. There is every reason to believe that the slide will be lightning fast, provided that the weather man is kind and furnishes conditions favorable for fast participation in the sport.

Sledge jumping has rapidly forged to the front rank of winter athletics in the western section of this country since its introduction by the Scandinavians, and it bids fair to retain the popular favor by reason of its freedom from objectionable features that enter into other sports. The love of victory is firmly installed in the minds of the fearless and shifty followers of the sport, and as the money prizes are comparatively small and the betting conspicuous by its absence there is absolutely no reason for the men not putting forth their best efforts.

No thoughts of holding back enter the mind of a man when he faces a glassy stretch of nearly 300 yards that requires his utmost skill and nerve to slide down at a death-defying speed and then exacting a gathering of all his power for the leap that sends him sailing through the air to a safe landing in a snow bank or perhaps a dangerous fall.

As a consequence sledgeing is slowly earning a well deserved popularity, and from all indications there is every reason to believe that this form of sport will in time become a fixture.

Other contents of a similar kind are scheduled preparatory to the Ishpeming meeting, the different dates being as follows:

Chippewy Falls, Wis., Jan. 24; St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 31; Colfax, Wis., Feb. 4; Eau Claire, Wis., Feb. 6 and 7; Sullwater, Minn., Feb. 9; Duluth, Minn., Feb. 12; Superior, Wis., Feb. 14; Manistig, Mich., Feb. 19.



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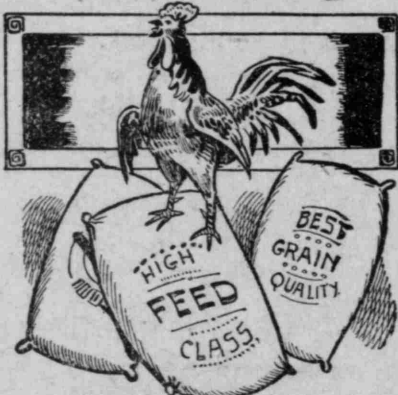
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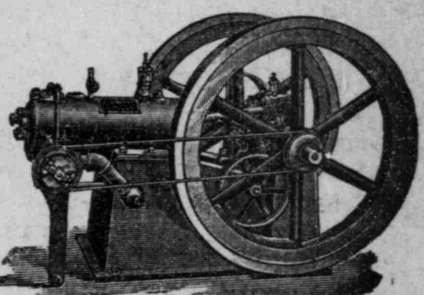
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